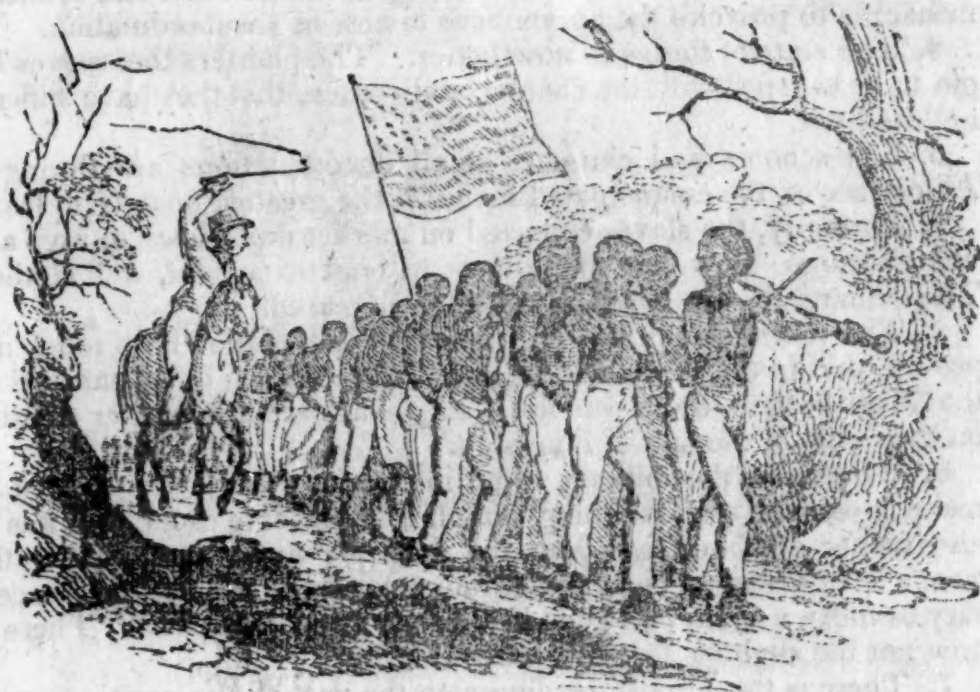


THE
ANTI-SLAVERY RECORD.

VOL. II. No. IV.

April, 1836.

WHOLE No. 16.



“Mr. Stont, [one of the committee who condemned Amos Dresser,] on this occasion, told me that the scene represented in the cut [above] was one of by no means unfrequent occurrence—that it was accurate in all its parts, and that he had witnessed it again and again.”—*Amos Dresser's Narrative.*

CONTENTS.

The Moral Character of the African Americans	1	Anecdotes of the Colored Schools in Cincinnati,	9
Mum Bett,	3	Ladies' Anti-Slavery Societies,	10
Grandfather Sol,	5	Receipts,	12

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✂ Please read and circulate. ✂

FACTS FROM THE WEST INDIES.

A highly intelligent and respectable gentleman, who has been long resident in Jamaica, called lately at the office of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and made the following statements.

1. The troubles which succeeded the change from slavery to apprenticeship in Jamaica, arose from the perverse conduct of overseers and managers, who took great pains, by the most cruel and arbitrary measures to provoke the apprentices to acts of insubordination.

2. The state of things is now better. The planters themselves begin to be satisfied with the change, and confess that they have suffered no loss by it.

3. The schools and churches of all denominations are thronged. All classes of the emancipated manifest the greatest anxiety to learn.

4. Formerly, the slaves collected on market days, were in rags and wretchedness; now they are, almost without exception, well clothed. The demand for dry goods has greatly increased.

5. The moral condition of the colored population is so much improved, that in the late Christmas holidays—the ten days' carnival of the West Indies—there was not a single arrest for improper conduct on their part in the city of Kingston.

6. Heretofore the military force in Jamaica has been obliged to make incessant and fatiguing marches to preserve order, and this at an expense of about four hundred lives per annum; last year the troops have occupied but three or four stations, it has not been necessary to move a man, and good health has been preserved. There is now not the slightest fear of insurrection.

7. There is the utmost readiness on the part of the apprentices to work for wages, *in their own time*, and such labor can be had *for one penny an hour*.

8. *The remaining time (four years) of an apprentice is now selling for as much in Jamaica as the whole man would have brought before the passage of the emancipation act!*

How honorable is this testimony to the emancipated slave, and how perfectly conclusive of the safety of emancipation! Yet all this has been achieved in spite of the most obstinate determination on the part of the planters, and especially of the overseers and managers, to frustrate the experiment and adhere to the WHIP. We have some remarkable proofs of this dogged and inhuman obstinacy. The following may be relied on as authentic.

Extracts from the letter of one of the Jamaica planters to a stipendiary magistrate, requiring him to try some offending negroes.

"On Friday, here, the negroes, contrary to the headman's orders, previous to working the time due, before sundown left the field. The authority of the headman is destroyed, and unless the lash is applied, I see nothing but insubordination and rebellion.

"Lord Chesterfield said to his son, '*The Graces, the Graces, the Graces.*' Now those who know the negro will say, '*the cat, the cat, the cat.*'"

"If you will make an example with the above, I shall be glad to see you as soon as convenient. I should *not* like your saying anything about the hours of labor, but leave that to the negroes and myself. Any further interference therein will disturb their confused understanding.

"If we had that brave and most excellent soldier Picton here, with
[See 3d page of cover.

THE
ANTI-SLAVERY RECORD.

VOL. II. No. IV. APRIL, 1836. WHOLE No. 16.



WILLIAM PETERSON—THE HEROIC COLORED BOY.

THE MORAL CHARACTER OF THE AFRICO-AMERICANS.

It will be remembered that in our last number we gave some facts to show that the despised colored people possess, in full measure, that *moral constitution*, which, far beyond any physical or intellectual excellencies, is the glory of man. It appeared that they had exhibited the highest degree of moral heroism—that they had denied themselves for the welfare of others—that they had overcome evil with good—that they had conquered by generosity. It is by no means useless to multiply such facts; for, how can any man fail to attack slavery with all his moral power, after he is brought to see the glorious image of his Creator on the brow of the slave? We make the following extracts from the interesting travels of E. S. Abdy, Esq., and vouch for the truth of his statements from our own personal knowledge.

I was once asked, with a sarcastic smile, by an American lady of Hibernian descent, if I had met with any interesting blacks in the

course of my tour. The winter I passed in New-York furnished what this woman, with all her contempt for a race more persecuted and less fortunate than that from which she herself sprang, would acknowledge to be most painfully interesting. During the frost, some ice, on which several boys were skating, in the outskirts of the city, gave way, and several of them were drowned. During the confusion and terror, occasioned by this accident, a colored boy, whose courage and hardihood were well known, was called upon to render assistance. He immediately threw himself into the water with his skates on, and succeeded in saving two lads; but, while exerting himself to rescue a third, he was drawn under the ice, and unable to extricate himself. No one would risk his life for him. Soon after, the details of this melancholy event appeared in one of the newspapers, (the New-York American,) with an offer to receive subscriptions for the mother,* who was left with a sick husband and young family, deprived of the support which she had derived from her son's industry. As reference was made to a medical man in Park Place, I called upon him, and received a very favorable account both of the boy and his poor mother, who was employed to wash for him. I immediately proceeded to her house, and found that she had three children left;—the eldest about ten years of age, and the youngest an infant at the breast. In addition to these, she had undertaken the care of a little girl, five years old, the daughter of a deceased friend, whose husband had deserted his child, and refused to pay any thing towards her support. 'I consider her as my child,' said the generous woman; 'and, while I have a crust left, she shall share it with my children.' I made inquiries about the boy she had just lost, and was told, what I had heard in Park Place, that his conduct had always been most exemplary;—that he had carried to her every cent he could save from his earnings, and had often expressed a wish that he might obtain sufficient to save her from working so hard;—her business sometimes keeping her up nearly all night.

Such was the history of Susannah Peterson and her heroic boy. It was told in the most simple and natural manner; without any display of grief, or the slightest attempt to exhibit feeling or excite commiseration. There was an expression of dejection, however, in the countenance that could not be mistaken; and an effort to suppress the workings of a mother's heart, that I never saw so striking in any one. Every thing, in the furniture of the room, the decent behavior of the children, and the general deportment of the parent, bespoke full as much propriety and respectability as I ever met with in the same class of life, whatever might be the occupation or complexion. Mrs. Peterson was a member of one of the numerous societies for mutual assistance, which exist among the colored inhabitants of New-York. That, to which she belonged, is called "The Benevolent Daughters of Zion," and contains about 200 members. The entrance money is one dollar, and the subscription money one shilling (about sixpence of our money) per month. The benefits to be derived from it are an allowance of twelve shillings a week for six weeks during sickness; with any addition after that period that the state of the funds may admit of; and, in case of death, the payment of funeral expenses, (generally

* Since dead.

ten dollars.) There is another society to which she once subscribed, "The Benevolent Assistance Society." The entrance to this is two shillings, and the subscription four cents monthly.

These contributions, with occasional donations, enable the society to assist poor persons who do not belong to it, as well as its own members, when in distress. Mrs. Peterson's brother, who is known in England as the African Roscius, had occasionally sent her remittances of money, and had expressed, in one of his letters from this country, an intention to provide for her unfortunate boy's education.

I had frequent opportunities of seeing Mrs. Peterson; and my respect for her character increased with my acquaintance. When I settled a little account I had with her for washing and other work, I had some difficulty in prevailing upon her to take what was strictly her due; such was the gratitude for the few services I was enabled, with the assistance of my friends, to render her. Three months had elapsed since the death of young Peterson, and not one of the relatives of either of the boys, whose lives he had saved at the cost of his own, had been near his bereaved mother; and the subscription did not amount to seventy dollars. This, at least, was all she had received. Two English ladies, who had been with her six or eight weeks before, had informed her that they had collected twenty dollars for her. When we consider that the population of the place amounts to more than two hundred and fifty thousand, including Brooklyn, it is little to its credit that the gratitude it felt for the preservation of two of its citizens could find no better way to exhibit itself, than by a paltry donation to the self-devoted preserver's afflicted parent, of a sum scarcely exceeding one-fourth of what he might have been sold for when living, in the slave market at New-Orleans.

On the very day that this generous act was performed by a poor lad of color, another example of humanity was given by a man belonging to the same "degraded caste." This case did not excite the same attention, though it well deserved commemoration and recompense. The latter it had in the shape of five dollars, from the father of the boy who had been rescued from a watery grave. The name of the man who distinguished himself was Jones. He declined receiving any remuneration, and the money was given to another colored man, (Austin,) who had carried the child home with him, put him into his own bed, and restored him to life from the state of exhaustion in which he was when taken out of the water. Several white men were standing near when the accident occurred; but none of them ventured to quit dry land. Two months elapsed before the father of the boy visited the man to whom he was indebted for the life of his son.

MUM BETT.

The following anecdote is extracted from a very interesting "*Lecture on the practicability of the abolition of slavery, delivered at the Lyceum in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, February, 1831.*" It is understood to have been written by a son (now deceased) of Judge Sedgwick,—

the judge who had the honor of judicially pronouncing the doom of slavery in Massachusetts under its *Bill of Rights*.

"Elizabeth Freeman (known afterwards by the name of Mum Bett) was born a slave, and lived in that condition thirty or forty years. She first lived in Claverac, Columbia county, in the state of New-York, in the family of a Mr. Hogeboom. She was purchased at an early age by Col. Ashley, of Sheffield in the county of Berkshire, in the now commonwealth of Massachusetts. * * *

"While Mum Bett resided in the family of Col. Ashley, she received a severe wound in a generous attempt to shield her sister. Her mistress, in a fit of passion, resorted to a degree and mode of violence very uncommon in this country: she struck at the weak and timid girl with a heated kitchen shovel: Mum Bett interposed her arm, and received the blow; and she bore the honorable scar it left to the day of her death. The spirit of Mum Bett had not been broken down by ill usage—she resented the insult and outrage as a white person would have done. She left the house, and neither commands nor entreaties could induce her to return. Her master, Col. Ashley, resorted to the law to regain possession of his slave. This was shortly after the adoption of the constitution of Massachusetts. The case was tried at Great Barrington. Mum Bett was declared FREE; it being, I believe, the first instance (or among the first instances) of the practical application of the declaration in the Massachusetts Bill of Rights, that 'all men are born free and equal.'

"The late Judge Sedgwick had the principal agency in her deliverance. She attached herself to his family as a servant. In that situation she remained for many years, and was never entirely disconnected from his family. * * *

"The house of Mr. Sedgwick, in this town, (Stockbridge,) was attacked by a body of insurgents during the Shay's war, so well remembered in this vicinity. Mr. Sedgwick was then absent at Boston, and Mum Bett was the only guardian of the house. She assured the party that Mr. Sedgwick was absent, but suffered them to search the house to find him, which they did, by feeling under the beds and in other places of concealment, with the points of their bayonets. She did not attempt to resist by direct force, the rifling of property, which was one of the objects of the insurgents. She, however, assumed a degree of authority—told the plunderers that they 'dare not strike a woman,'—and attended them in their exploring the house, to prevent wanton destruction. She escorted them into the cellar with a large kitchen shovel in her hand, which she intimated that she would use as a weapon in case of necessity. One of the party broke off the neck of a bottle of porter. She told him that if he or his companions desired to drink porter, she would fetch a corkscrew, and draw the cork, and they might drink like gentlemen; but that, if the neck of another bottle should be broken, she would lay the man, that broke it, flat with her shovel. Upon tasting the liquor, the party decided that 'if gentlemen loved such cursed bitter stuff, they might keep it.' * * *

"This woman, by her extreme industry and economy, supported a large family of grandchildren and great-grandchildren. * * *

"Having known her as familiarly as I knew either of my parents, I *cannot* believe in the moral or physical inferiority of the race to which she belonged." * * *

GRANDFATHER SOL.

One of those benevolent ladies who have so nobly devoted themselves to the cause of human rights, in instructing the colored people of Cincinnati, has forwarded us the substance of a conversation with a remarkable personage of that city, who goes by no other name than that of "Grandfather Sol." He was stolen from Africa, and has passed through the horrors of American slavery. He is now blind and bowed down under the weight, as is supposed, of a hundred years of toil. Our correspondent says, "These are a few of the things he has told me and others. As we have to get somebody to interpret most that he says, his tale of woe is robbed of its simplest, most interesting garb. Though he is old and feeble, robbed of most of his strength by slavery, still his mental faculties retain their vigor astonishingly."

Reader, as we have often remarked before, if we would understand slavery, we *must hear both sides*. We have listened respectfully and frequently to the tale of the master, why not listen to that of the slave? Is truth to be found only on the side where there is the strongest motive to deceive?

CONVERSATION WITH AN OLD BLIND EMANCIPATED SLAVE, CALLED GRANDFATHER SOL.—Where was you born? In Guinea, where people don't know any thing about books. Who did you live with? With my father and mother until I got to be a young man, when I went out to wash my fish trap in a pond one day, and three white men came up to me, and told me to go along with them, and they would give me some knives and pretty things. I was afraid to go with them and cried like a dog, for I knew they did not want any thing good. They took me on board a ship, where there was one hundred men, and two hundred women. We were ironed together, two and two, and put down in the bottom of the ship. All the way I felt bad in my heart; I wanted to see my father and mother very bad. Nobody can tell any thing how black people feel when they are stolen from father and mother, and chained and carried way off on the ocean, they don't know where. We at last landed at Richmond, Virginia, and they began immediately to sell us. I was sold right off to Mr. W—. What did he give for you? I don't know; I could not tell scarcely a word that was said to me, and that made me feel lonely and bad enough. The overseer whip't me right off, to let me know what the whip meant. I found this was badder country, worse than Guinea. Did you have to work very hard? *Work, all work*—all day long, all night long often, and all Sunday long,—took little naps now and then. I knew something about God in Guinea, but with this

master I heard nothing of God or my soul. I lived with this man I should think several years, then he gave me to his daughter when she was married. There I found another bad master, no peace or rest to poor me. When he had been away and got back, he used to whip all his slaves, to let them know that he had got home, and to make them afraid of him. He whip't one slave to death, because he got religion. I was a new hand, and would fight the overseer. So master had my hands tied together, and me hung up in the barn, and whip't one hundred lashes with a hickory switch. It cut raw gashes every blow, and before it would get well, it was cut over again,—back never well whilst I lived with Mr. W——. I suppose you had enough to eat didn't you? No; hungry all day long—sometimes went aways to the neighbors at night, and they would give me a hoe-cake. How long did you stay there? I can't tell exactly, but I should think eight or nine years.—*Hungry all that time.* Sometimes I went into the woods to cry. I had no friends.—Slaves can't be friends to one another; you fraid for friend, and friend fraid for you. I have found out since that God was my friend, but I did not know it then. I was sold again, and got quite a good master. Christian man—he whip't me only two or three times. He called all his slaves from the tobacco-field to go to prayers. He used to sing,

“That awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my judge,
And pass the solemn test.”

All the Baptists round there used to come to his house to meeting. I went one time to laugh at the minister; but he said to all sinners, if you do not repent you will go to hell. When I heard that, I felt condemned before God, and felt that I was a sinner. I prayed all the time—slept mighty little—often would lie down by hoe in the field, and would stay there all night—pray most all the time, fraid if I went to sleep the devil would have me. Nobody would tell me how to come to Christ, for fear that I would learn experience by hearing others, and tell I had religion before I knew any thing about it. They said you must get it all from God. I was sick one day, and laid down—word came to me, *get up.* I did, and felt happy. I run to tell master what God had done for my soul, but I could hardly walk for happiness. I cried for happiness—tried to find my sins again, but could not. I joined the church, and was so happy I hardly wanted to eat. It seemed like as I had wings;—I worked a great deal better. In a little while I was sold again to a master worse than all. Nobody so bad as Mr. S——. One day I found a bridle in the woods, sold it to a woman, and I got one hundred lashes. He put one woman into the fire and burnt her up—said she should go to hell with him. He would not give his black people scarcely any thing to eat. We had no meat—wanted it bad enough. One man would have it, so he would kill a hog now and then, and hide it in a hollow tree. When he was whip't for stealing, he would turn and whip master! Was you good to work? Yes; when I took hold of hoe, dirt must come. Master S—— would not let me have time to drink—sometimes whip you when drinking. He marked his women-slaves by giving one a black dress, an-

other a red one, another white, so that he could tell them a great way off, and whip those that did not work well. He killed many men-slaves; some fell down dead in the field. How did he kill them? "*He broke their hearts.*" He was afraid I would run away, so he fastened a fifty-six to my leg. It had a long chain; when I had gone the length of it, I drew it to me. It is of no use to talk about him, he is dead long ago. Where do you think he has gone? Behind hell fire. I don't think hell is bad enough for him. I believe mighty few white people will go to heaven. Was you ever married? Yes, I have had three wives. My first wife was sold off ten miles, and master no let me go so far as that. I felt bad, very bad to part with her; I loved that wife, and *my heart is with her yet.*

You white people need not blame black people for having so many wives; it be white people's fault. They sell your wives away from you. Where was you in the time of the war with England? I was in it. I knew General Washington; he good man. I believe he has gone to heaven. Did you fight? No; I waited on General Walla e. I tell you what, if war ever come again, it will be a worser war. I want war to come to set my 'lations free. I want no more slavery, but every body work for themselves. That will be right; then it will be warmer weather. God make it so cold because white people do black people so bad.

[Is this sentiment to be wondered at? Yet it was not taught this old man by the abolitionists!—Ed.]

How did you get free? A good man that lives somewhere about here brought me from Lexington. He said I was too old to work. Master gave me to him. After a while his brother-in-law came after me—wanted I should work more. But people would not let me go—laughed at him—he was ashamed, and went off. Where did you leave your wife and children? All in slavery. I want to see them mighty bad. But you are blind, grandfather Sol, and can't see! Well, I should know their voices, and they would sound sweet, and I could take hold of their hands besides. I wish my children was free, I would have them learn trades; one a blacksmith, another a tailor, &c. &c. I pray for them every day, that God would make them good, and make their masters' hearts *soft*. God hear my prayer. I love the good people that are trying to get the slaves free. You think, missee, that they will ever get the slaves free in old Kentuck? I think they will, grandfather.—I don't know, they hold 'em mighty tight. In old Virginia white people say you set niggers free, they'll starve and wont work. You believe that is true? No, masters and all the white people starve more like, for now slaves take care of themselves and white people too. If they will set 'em free, I think they would work well, and get farms, and make good crops. Did you ever want to read the Bible? Yes, me want to know very much what God say to me a poor sinner, but who would read it me? If I learn to read, master think I'd be free directly. What makes you so crooked? (he is very crooked.) Hoe, —when I was a slave and worked in the field, I was 'fraid to stand up and rest—kept bent all the time so my head would not be above the rest. When you see, missee, old slaves all bent over, you may know

what made them so. What makes your toes look so? (they are some of them part gone.) When master got mad at me, he take my shoes and make me go barefooted—froze my feet. What makes your ear look so? (that is part gone.) Master cut off the rim of it. What for? Nothing at all. He said I stole some buttermilk, but I didn't do it. Did you ever steal? I have took things without leave. If you don't steal you starve. It is not stealing to take from masters; you pay for it a hundred times—is not that enough? I'll tell you what, I'll say you are my mistress; you set in the house, and master too; I go out into the field in the hot sun, raise crops—now you call it all yours, but is not part of it mine? Did you ever run away? Yes, a great many times; but always got ketched, and then cut almost to pieces. I run away once and went off in the woods and staid long, long time. I dug a hole in the ground, left a little place to crawl in at, and staid there day times, and in the night I would go to some black people's houses and get something to eat. Sometimes most starved. Could not go further;—if I went back, I knew I should be almost killed, and then I was a poor starving Guinea nigger slave. I got caught, and always expected to be; but would run away to rest, for almost dead with hard work. How did you feel to see slave-holders partake the sacrament? I tell you what, I went to a woods meeting once where there was a great many white people going to partake the sacrament. I was going away, but something said to me, Sol, Sol, you tell them they eat and drink damnation to their souls. I 'fraid to say that; but it come again, and I thought God told me, and I was afraid to disobey. So I went up to the head of the table, and cried, Behold, you fine ladies and gentlemen, you eat and drink damnation to your souls. When I had said that, some of my friends seized me and carried me off into the woods, fear I would be killed. Do you know how old you are? I suppose I am about one hundred. I should think I was a thousand, for I have been in so many different places. I want to go home to heaven mighty bad. I am waiting, hoping, praying God will call Sol every day. I want to leave this wretched world, and go where all is light, and love, and peace. When we get to heaven, all will be of one mind and heart. My soul will be as white as yours. If poor nigger only come to Jesus, he make his soul as white as snow. I push on my journey; God is here now, and is all the company I have. He and I have meetings together; I feel as if I am marching to Jerusalem. Christians are like hunting dogs, always hunting for Jesus. If I lose him, I hunt till I find him. I see by an eye of faith into heaven now and then, and see Jesus there. The scars in his hands and side are not healed yet. It makes me weep to see them sometimes. I hope God in heaven hear such a poor dry boned Guinea nigger as I. Sometimes I sing, and sometimes I pray.

“Hark from the tombs a doleful sound,

My ears attend the cry;

Ye living men come view the ground,

Where you must shortly lie.”

[He says this is his favorite hymn.] If God had been like my thoughts, I should been home long ago. Can't hardly tell what I live for, but must wait till God calls me.

ANECDOTES OF THE COLORED SCHOOLS IN CINCINNATI.

We are gratified to learn from the same lady who has furnished us the foregoing conversation, that the interest of the colored people in their schools, continues unabated. Indeed, since Mr. Birney has commenced his labors in Cincinnati, the colored people have been stimulated to greatly increased efforts to obtain education, and they have done more to sustain the schools in a few weeks, than in a year previously.

The following anecdotes strikingly illustrate their thirst for knowledge, and the benefit they derive from it. From such minds it is that slavery seals the book of God! Who shall fathom the folly or gauge the guilt of this nation!

A SLAVE'S THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE.

Some time since a colored man visited one of our schools. After listening for a while to the reading and spelling of the scholars, he was asked to make some remarks; he said, "Children, when I was a little boy I was a slave. I had no such privileges as you have. I wanted to learn, but my master was not willing. One day his little son came home from school saying his lesson; I was perfectly charmed with it. Got him to go into the field one Sunday with me, and that day I learned all my alphabet. When my master found out I was learning to read so, I had to stop, and learned no more for several years, when one of his daughters, on whom I waited, learned me to spell. I can now read and write. I will tell you, children, how I learned to write. I would pick up pieces of paper that had writing on them, and copy them. I never had a copy set me. O, children, it seems to me if I had your chance when I was young, I should have read through every book in the world."

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

In one of our Sabbath schools there is a class of aged mothers, who come with their spectacles on to learn how to read. A few Sabbaths ago, our Sunday School lesson was about the "good Samaritan." One of them was asked what she thought about the Priest and Levite, she remarked, they did just as I have done a great many times; but I never shall do so any more. "This lesson has made my heart a heap softer; it has made a soft spot that never was made there before." On the next Sabbath we found she truly had followed Christ's direction; had literally gone and done likewise. She remarked to her teacher, God has been trying me this week, to see if I would do any better for going to Sabbath School. There came to my house a poor woman with a sick child, she had been turned out of doors several times. I took her in—sat up with her child three nights, and it died on my lap. She offered to pay me, but I would not take it; for I found it good to do good. Now I never should have done this if it had not been for that Sabbath-School lesson."

LADIES' ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETIES.

Those whose desire it is to shut out from society as much as possible all humane and softening influences, those who are grieved to lose the despotic sway of the lazy savage or of the licentious Turk, may well hate Ladies' Anti-Slavery Societies. But why should enlightened Christians, who profess to admire the peculiar benevolence of the female character, and to invoke its aid in purifying, elevating, and saving the world, hate them? Where in the universe should woman intercede, with those prayers and tears of hers, which all but brutes respect, if not between the proud, avaricious, cruel American slave-masters, and their trembling, broken-hearted slaves?

We set an equal value on the *manhood* and the *abolitionism* of the man who rails at Female Anti-Slavery Societies. We rejoice in the rapid multiplication of these interesting and efficient institutions. It would be invidious to single out any for peculiar praise, but we cannot refrain from saying how much our hearts are cheered by the intelligence of the last few days. An agent writes, that he has just attended the meeting of a *Ladies' County Anti-Slavery Society*, in Ashtabula county, Ohio. A large number of ladies were present; one hundred and fifty-one new members were added, making the whole two hundred and twenty-four. They employed a well qualified agent to traverse the county, and form a ladies' society in each town. Four or five such societies have been already organized by their agent. Another county society on the same plan, has just been formed by a meeting of ladies at Ravenna, Portage county, Ohio. Let the work go on. Is this organization of ladies extraordinary, and out of the range of domestic life? So is the cause.—So is THE CAUSE. Think for a moment how many homes are desolate by slavery.

But nothing has given us higher pleasure than a pamphlet of one hundred and eight pages, entitled "RIGHT AND WRONG IN BOSTON," the report of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society. Instead of speaking of it, we will give it the room to speak for itself. It thus describes its own annual meeting, which was broken up by "gentlemen of property and standing."

"The President called the meeting to order, and read some appropriate passages of scripture. 'Training's begun! Hurra! here comes Judge Lynch!' shouted the rioters, and the words were passed down the stairs to the crowd in the street. We knelt and united with the President in prayer. During the few moments so employed, we felt as did Schiller on his death-bed: 'Many things now are clear.' Our souls were strengthened and borne above the violence and insult with

which we were surrounded. Our hopes, our faith, our fortitude, were increased. We felt grateful that we were accounted worthy thus to express our devotion to TRUTH. We rejoiced that it was our privilege to live in times calling for the exercise of the noblest power with which God has endowed his creatures; the power to suffer for his righteousness' sake. It was given us to comprehend the minds held forth as examples by the fervent apostles;—even 'women, not accepting deliverance, that they might receive a better resurrection.' We saw the very process by which out of the mouth of the weak, 'God ordains strength, to still the enemy and the avenger.' Our prayer was for those in bonds, as bound with them. Our thanksgiving, that though there were many to molest, there were none that could make us afraid. There was a composure imparted to us, which, for a time, extended to the multitude, by the untremulous voice, which rose clear and calm above the tumult. But we prayed for our friends and brethren in a neighboring state, whom that hour had gathered together, perhaps to die; for the success of the common cause; for all throughout the earth who had laid fortune, fame, or life upon its altar. Here the clamor increased, so that nothing further could be heard. The slight partition began to yield. The mob hurled missiles at the lady presiding. The secretary rose and began to read her report, utterly inaudible from the confusion. At this moment Mr. Lyman entered.

"We record no 'imaginary conversation.' The following is, word for word, what passed between him, the President, and other ladies.

Mr. Lyman. Go home, ladies, go home.

President. What renders it necessary we should go home?

Mr. Lyman. I am the mayor of the city, and I cannot now explain; but will call upon you this evening.

President. If the ladies will be seated, we will take the sense of the meeting.

Mr. Lyman. Don't stop, ladies; go home.

President. Will the ladies listen to a letter addressed to the Society, by Francis Jackson, Esq.

Mr. Lyman. Ladies, do you wish to see a scene of bloodshed and confusion? If you do not, go home.

One of the Ladies. Mr. Lyman, your personal friends are the instigators of this mob; have you ever used your personal influence with them?

Mr. Lyman. I know no personal friends; I am merely an official. Indeed, ladies, you must retire. It is dangerous to remain.

Lady. If this is the last bulwark of freedom, we may as well die here as any where.

Mr. Lyman. Do you wish to prolong this scene of confusion?

President. Can we pass out safely?

Mr. Lyman. If you will go now, I will protect you, but cannot unless you do.

"A motion was then made to adjourn, which was carried. We passed down the staircase, amid the manifestations of a revengeful brutality. If the worst enemies of some we saw, had told us that such unmanly and shameful ideas as they openly expressed, lurked in the most hidden recesses of their minds, we should have disbelieved it.

The way was darkened by the crowd that blocked up the windows, so that we could but just discern faces; *but there was no mistake*. We could identify *those faces*, even if we had never seen them before. When we emerged into the open daylight, there went up a roar of rage and contempt, which increased when they saw that we did not intend to separate, but walked in regular procession. They slowly gave way as we came out. As far as we could look either way the crowd extended—evidently of the so-called 'wealthy and respectable;' 'the moral worth,' the 'influence and standing.' We saw the faces of those we had, till now, thought friends;—men whom we never before met without giving the hand in friendly salutation;—men whom till now we should have called upon for condemnation of ruffianism, with confidence that the appeal would be answered; men who have repeatedly said they were 'as much anti-slavery as we were,' that 'our principles were righteous,' and they only objected to the rashness of upholding them. Yet they did not, 'like the Priest and the Levite, pass by on the other side;' but waited with looks of satisfaction and approval to see the result."

RECEIPTS

Into the Treasury of the American A. S. Society,
from February 15th, to March 15th, 1836.

Moultonboro, N. H., Rev. J. Dodge,	3 00
Chester, Vt., Jesse Stedman,	5 00
Hebronville, Mass., A. S. S., per C. Simmons,	8 00
Middleborough, " H. G. Wood,	3 00
South Hadley, " Eli Stearns,	5 00
Chaplin, Conn., J. C. Martin,	75
Middletown, " Edwin Hunt,	7 76
Albany, N. Y., S. J. Pennyman, pr J. Leavitt,	50 00
" Miss C. Pennyman,	10 00
Amsterdam, N. Y., P. Stewart,	1 00
Canandaigua, " A Friend,	4 00
Hudson, " S. Plumb, by C. Marriott,	5 00
" " H. W. Bessac,	2 00
" " C. Marriott,	5 00
" " Cash,	1 00
" " Maria Marriott,	3 00
" " L. Marriott,	4 00
" " Cash,	50
" " " "	50
" " H. D. Skinner,	1 00
" " Adam Van De Boe,	1 00
" " Cash,	50
" " " "	50
" " " 25, 25,	50
" " George Robinson,	1 00
" " Silas Stone,	1 00
Oswego co., " A. S. S. on account of	
" \$200 pledge, by S. Clark,	25 00
Schenectady, " Elisha Taylor,	5 00
Walton, " A. P. St. John,	5 00
Wales, N. Y., D. Needham, per H. Lyman,	2 00
" Friends,	2 67
New-York City, Thomas Garner, Jr.,	100 00
" Arthur Tappan,	250 00
" John Rankin,	100 00
" T. L. Jennings, on account	
" of \$200 pledge,	25 00
" Rev. E. Wheeler,	1 00
" P. Shapter,	5 00
" George H. White,	10 00
" Rev. George Bourne,	5 00
" Enclosed with the following	
" note to the A. A. S. S.—	

" The master's portion, to	
" assist in delivering our Re-	
" public from slavery,"	50 00
Boonton Falls, N. J., A. S. S. per D. Grimes,	10 00
Newark, " A. N. Dougherty,	100 00
" N. J., Ellison Conger, per R. G. W.,	75 00
Springfield, N. J., A few Friends,	100 00
Montrose, Pa., Dorcas Soc. by M. A. Lyon,	5 50
Pittsburg, " Ladies' A. S. S., by Mrs. R.	
" W. Lambdin,	25 00
York, " A. S. S., per J. Coffin,	3 00
Austinburg, O. Monthly Concert, by L. Bissell,	5 00
Cincinnati, " A. S. S. per Wm. Donaldson,	95 00
Geneva, " A. S. S. per L. Bissell,	3 00
New Garden, O., B. B. Davis,	10 00
Windham, " Rev. Wm. Hanford,	2 12
Allegan, Mich., A. L. Ely,	5 00

\$1148 90

JOHN RANKIN, Treasurer,
No. 8, Cedar St.

Monthly Collections received by the Publishing
Agent, from February 1st, to March 1st, 1836.

Alton, Ill., W. A. Whitney,	10 00
Auburn, N. Y., by H. Chapin,	11 25
Cazenovia, N. Y., by P. Kellogg,	4 00
Darien, Conn., by W. Whitney,	1 50
Dunbarton, N. H., by G. Kent, Esq,	9 00
Marcellus, N. Y., by A. Rockwell,	2 25
New Garden, O., by W. Griffith,	10 00
Oneida Institute, N. Y., by W. J. Savage,	10 00
Putnam, O., by H. C. Howell,	10 00
Springfield, N. J., J. White,	1 50
Received for Emancipator,	125 50
" Human Rights,	46 38
" Quarterly Magazine,	26 00
" A. S. Record,	28 88
" Books, Pamphlets, &c.,	186 97

\$483 23

R. G. WILLIAMS,
Publishing Agent, 144 Nassau St.

Total Receipts, \$1632 43

the reins in his hands, he would hang some of the black scoundrels of St. Thomas in the vale—proclamations and *talk* won't do for Quashee. Unless you come with the determination to flog, I rather you do not come officially.

"When one has to do with a stubborn animal, who will not believe, who will not listen to reason, why then he must be flogged, unless you wish to spoil him.

"I wish you had the command of a good ship, and that you would ship three sturdy magistrates, not of the class *les amis de noirs*, accompanied by three boatswains six feet high, four feet five across the chest, and quids of tobacco as large as eggs in their cheeks, to start our black savages with ropes' ends. It would do both their morals and their understanding a great deal of good."

EXPENSE OF CLOTHING SLAVES IN LOUISIANA.

"We shall notice one of the leading facts made known by the Committee of the Baton Rouge Agricultural Society, and conclude. It seems that the whole cost of clothing eighty full hands is only one thousand two hundred dollars a year; that is, fifteen dollars a person."
—*Niles' Register*, Vol. 39, p. 211.

CONSISTENCY OF A REVOLUTIONARY HERO.

"A few days ago passed through this town the Hon. General Gates and lady, on their way to take possession of their new and elegant seat on the banks of the East River. The General, previous to leaving Virginia, summoned his numerous family and slaves about him, and amidst their tears of affection and gratitude, gave them their FREEDOM; and what is still better, made provision that their liberty should be a blessing to them."—*Baltimore paper*, Sept. 8, 1790.

NOTICE.

All donors to the funds of the American Anti-Slavery Society to the amount of ten dollars or more a year, shall be entitled on application at the Society's office, to one copy of each of the publications published by the Society; and each donor of five dollars, and less than ten dollars, shall be entitled to receive one copy of each of the periodical publications issued by the Society during such year.

QUARTERLY ANTI-SLAVERY MAGAZINE.

This work is issued on the first days of October, January, April, and July. Its plan comprises,

1. *Original Essays* on subjects connected with the Abolition of Slavery.
2. *Reviews* of works on such subjects.
3. *Facts* pertaining to the System of American Slavery, and our colored population generally.
4. Anti-Slavery Intelligence from abroad.
5. Notices of works which relate to Slavery.
6. Interesting selections, in prose and verse.
7. A brief summary of the progress of the Abolition cause.

The price is one dollar a year, *always in advance*. Any individual remitting five dollars, *free of postage*, will receive *six copies*.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

On the first week of each month is issued a small newspaper, entitled **HUMAN RIGHTS**; on the second week, the **ANTI-SLAVERY RECORD**; on the third week, the **EMANCIPATOR**, on an enlarged sheet; and on the fourth week, the **SLAVE'S FRIEND**. It is intended to distribute all these publications, so far as the funds of the society will allow, *gratuitously*, to persons not known to be abolitionists.

To support this system of distribution, the committee look to the liberality of the friends of the oppressed, and invite them either to come forward with pledges to pay certain sums to the Society's funds during the year, or to purchase the publications at the following prices. The numerous abolitionists throughout the country are also invited to purchase the publications for their own use.

PRICE OF THE PUBLICATIONS.

HUMAN RIGHTS.

Single copy, 25 cents per annum.

Twenty copies to *one address*, \$3 50, or 17 1-2 cents each per annum.

Forty copies to *one address*, \$5 00, or 12 1-2 cents each per annum.

Eighty copies to *one address*, \$8 00, or 10 cents each per annum.

ANTI-SLAVERY RECORD.

Single copy, 25 cents per annum.

Twenty-five copies to *one address*, \$5 00, or 20 cents each per annum.

Fifty-five copies to *one address*, \$10 00, or 18 1-9 cents each per annum.

One hundred copies to *one address*, \$15 00, or 15 cents each per annum.

They will also be sold at the office at \$1 25 per hundred, and sent to subscribers to the Society's funds according to the plan below.

EMANCIPATOR.

Single copy, 50 cents per annum.

Sixteen copies to *one address*, \$5 00, or 31 1-4 cents each per annum.

Forty copies to *one address*, \$10 00, or 25 cents each per annum.

One hundred copies to *one address*, \$20 00, or 20 cents each per annum.

SLAVE'S FRIEND.

Single number, 1 cent.

A hundred numbers, 80 cents.

A dozen numbers, 10 cents.

A thousand numbers, \$6 50.

Payment is to be made in all cases IN ADVANCE, FREE OF POSTAGE.

QUARTERLY SUBSCRIPTION PLAN.

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society propose the following plan for raising funds.

1. They invite *every* abolitionist to give *something* to the Society *steadily*, by becoming a regular subscriber to its funds.

2. While large sums are requested of such as are able to give them, they would invite each person to pledge the payment of at least \$1 50 a year, in quarterly instalments, which will entitle them to one number of the Record per month.

3. They recommend to their auxiliaries to appoint individuals who shall collect this subscription, and pay it over as directed below.

4. In places where no auxiliary Society exists, they request persons who are willing to pledge themselves to raise a certain amount, to act as collectors.

5. The quarterly collections should be remitted, without delay, *by mail*. This conveyance is almost perfectly safe, and the use of the money for one week, in this advancing cause, is worth more than the *postage*.

6. To every person who becomes a collector, and pledges himself to *remit* a certain amount quarterly, a package of the **ANTI-SLAVERY RECORD** will be sent monthly, sufficient to supply each subscriber with one number for every 12 1-2 cents of his subscription. Or, if preferred, it will be sent by mail to the individual subscribers, their names and post-office address being forwarded *in a plain band*.

No Records will be forwarded after the expiration of each quarter, until the subscriptions are received.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Donations should be remitted to Mr. JOHN RANKIN, *Treas'r*, 8 Cedar-st. N.Y.

All business letters in regard to the publications or remittances on the *Monthly Subscription Plan*, should be addressed to Mr. R. G. WILLIAMS, *Publishing Agent*, 144 Nassau-street, New-York. Other letters, and communications to be inserted in any of the publications, should be addressed to E. WRIGHT, JR. *Secretary for Domestic Correspondence*, 144 Nassau-street, New-York.